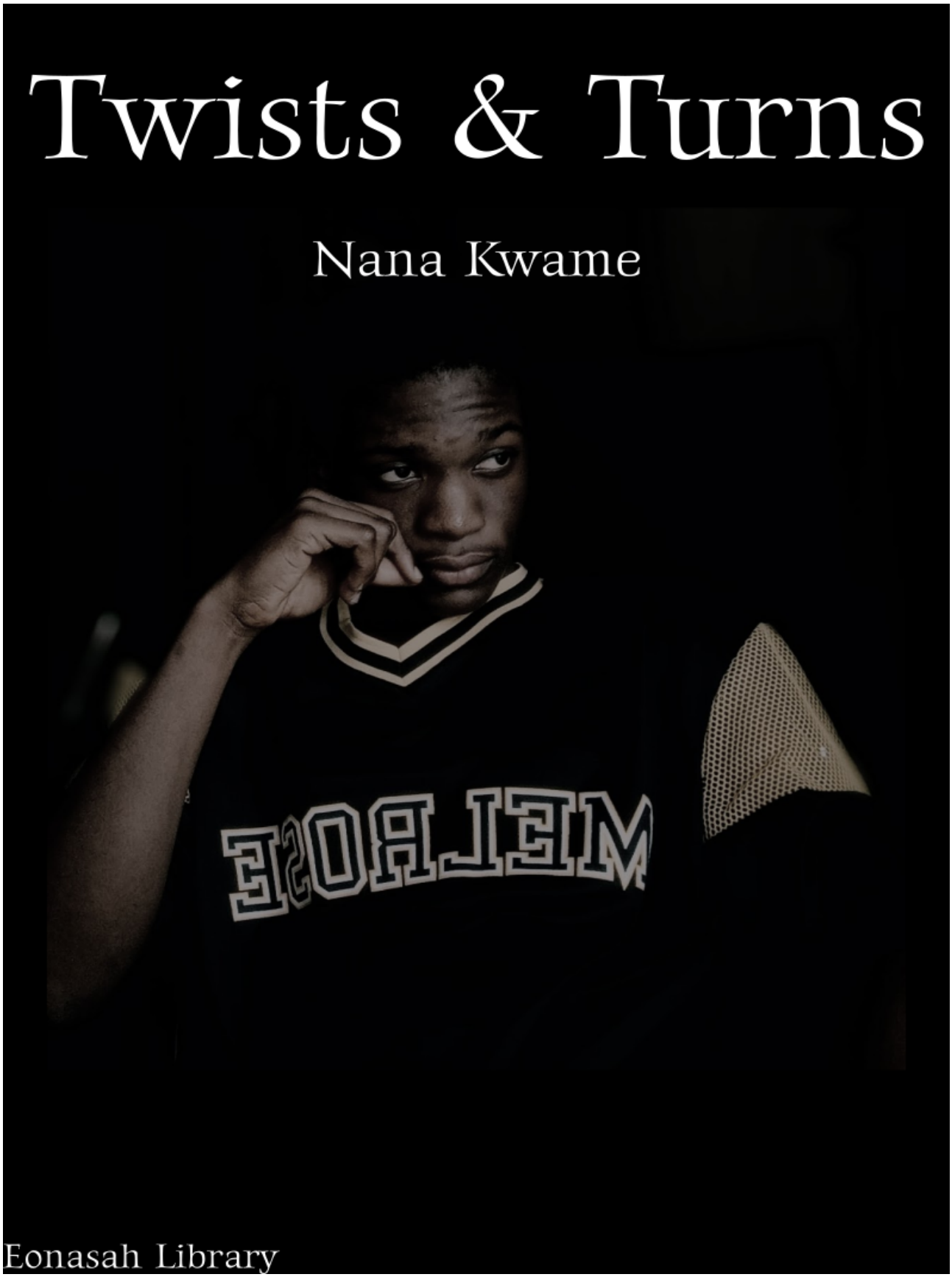
Twists & Turns
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“A lot has happened over the past while. This is a new start—a better one.” Those were my thoughts as a teenager with only a few days left before flying abroad. Life hadn’t felt right for me in a while. This was my mindset before the twists and turns in my life began.

All the necessary processes had been completed for me to move abroad, but deep down, it wasn’t joyful news to me. It was just a way to escape everything—everything inside and outside my life had become messed up. Physically and mentally, I was drained. I just wanted to clear my head and start fresh.

So, who am I? I am a young man navigating the maze of life. Born a Ghanaian and raised in Kumasi, I was 17 years old and had never left my city until I had to handle some documentation. Everything went smoothly, and I was told on several occasions that I was one lucky guy. But deep down, I didn’t feel that way about my life as a whole back then.

Fast forward, and the days until my flight were dwindling. My mum was happy, doing everything she could to finally see her son off. My big brother did some shopping to wish me well. I had to quit school because there was no point in what I was learning anymore. I told my classmates a harmless lie about the reason for my upcoming absence.

I laid low at home, passing the time until my departure. Coming from an African household, those final days came with the elders sitting me down to offer advice. Finally, the long-awaited moment arrived. My family took a bus journey from Kumasi to Accra. I felt like an empty soul surrounded by beautiful, pure lives. I was just a youngling seizing the chance to escape. To be clear, my family is one of the kindest anyone could have.

We finally made it to Accra's Kotoka International Airport. As a first-time traveler, I went through all the procedures. For my family, it was a bittersweet moment. With every passing second, I realized these were some of the last moments I'd share with them—at least for a long time. The weight of that truth settled in, but I knew I had to make this move. "I am a soldier. I am getting deployed. I will do this for myself," I told myself with a heavy heart.

For the first time, I truly saw what I was walking away from. I studied each of my family members' faces, one after the other, knowing this was the end of a chapter. Finally, I departed from them and entered the boarding lounge. After waiting for some time, they called to check if my plane had taken off yet. Ironically, while they waited, my favorite artist, Shatta Wale, met my family and took pictures with them. I felt robbed of a memory.

I called to let them know my plane was about to take off, and they waved goodbye. That alone spoke volumes about their love for me.

My flight headed to my transit point. As a first-time traveler, I wasn't nervous—just quietly sad, because I was alone for this entire journey. I made it to my transit point and went through all the processes to reach my final destination. Along the way, I asked for directions; any delay could have made me miss my flight. But finally, I arrived in the land of my destination.

To be continued…